FROM
H. B. POLE INHORN,
STATIONER & NEWS DEALER,
NEXT TO CITY POST OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

$1.50 per Year, invariably in Advance. | Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles. | Single Copies, Five Cents.

VOL. VIII. | WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1884. | NO. 51

Our Colored Churches.

BY J. W. CROMWELL.

READ BEFORE THE BETHEL LITERARY TUESDAY EVENING MARCH 11, 1884.

An account of the colored churches of this District would be pertinent here.

A table published in the *Star* of last year furnishes the basis of an estimate of the strength of the colored churches that is quite correct.

It reports: Methodist Episcopal 4, 2,450 members; African Methodist 10, 2,380 members, (which I think five hundred too many); African M. E. Zion 4, 1,062; Colored M. E. 4, 710 members. A total of 22 churches and 6,602 members, an average of 300 to a church. All of the M. E. churches are practically out of debt, with possibly the exception of Mt. Zion in Georgetown, on which there is a debt of less than $2000.

Of the African Methodist churches in the city, St. Paul is out of debt, with $1,000 to its credit in bank for building purposes. I presume Ebenezer in Georgetown is also. Of Union Bethel it would be "carrying coals to New Castle," to do more than mention its name. Mt. Pisgah has undertaken the work of building, and though the work is but half done, a debt of ~~~~has been incurred.

The African Methodist Episcopal church has lost in numbers within the last ten years,—first by its oldest church, Israel, which wandered after strange gods, and is still in the wilderness; by two secessions and fully two hundred and fifty members, from Union Bethel; by a division in Mt. Pisgah last year, which took property as well as members. These losses are significant, and to me, inexplicable. At first I thought it a re-action against Episcopal authority, the result of the political rights which had developed the American idea of the people's rights versus one-man power; but as this decline is not characteristic of the M. E. or A. M. E. Zion churches, it must be regarded as resulting from mistakes in government, or an attempt at over-government, unless it be admitted that the A. M. E. church disregards more the wishes of the people than the other denominations—a position I would be loathe to assume.

The Episcopal church here has made but slow progress within the last five years. It has one fine church and two chapels,—yet it has not made the headway that was expected, which may be attributed to personal causes rather than to any lack of adaptability of this church to the wants and necessities of the colored people,

We still have the one Presbyterian church with its three hundred members, free from debt on its property, in a position to wield as salutary influence by its example in advancing the the cause of Chaistian education and mission work, home and foreign, as its influence has been acknowledged and conceded in social affairs.

We have two Congregational churches—the one of Methodists of yesterday, has 195 members, and although it has no house of worship, it has managed to secure a site in one of the most fashionable sections of the city, at the price of $4,500, on which it has paid $2,500, taking up its notes before they become due. The other, the Lincoln Memorial Congregational church, will furnish a better test for determining whether the children of parents, largely illiterate, will, as they become educated, be content to remain at the old church of their parents, under the ministrations of the half-educated preacher, or to ally themselves with this new church in whose mission school they were eager pupils. Its growth from 9 to 47 members within three years affords evidence that the persistent labors of the pioneers in Southern mission work among the Negroes can bring forth fruit.

We also have an Independent Methodist church with 116 members, who own the house, but not the ground, valued at $700, and on which there is no debt.

The Baptists are stronger than all the other denominations combined, in the number of churches, membership and potentialities.

There are 16 churches in North Washington, 5 in South Washington, 4 in East Washington, 2 in Georgetown, five in the county—thirty-two in all. The most valuable in church property is the 19th Street Baptist (the oldest) estimated at $40,000, on which is an indebtedness of $3,600. It has 975 members. The Second has 390 members, church valuation $15,000, no indebtedness, although remodeled within the last three years. The largest in membership, as far as reported, is the Fifth, with a membership of 1,200, valuation of $28,000, an indebtedness of $5,000 due next October. The people have $2,000 in bank and are determined to meet their note when it reaches maturity. Shiloh and Mt. Jezreel are building, the former in North, the other in East Washington. The Liberty Baptist church, recently built, is also out of debt. The Berean, one of the smallest in number, has a membership of 75, in less than seven years, has erected an edifice of $13,000, on which there is a balance of about $4,800. The Baptist membership has been put down at 13,000.

The following table shows the relative strength and aggregate memberships:

Recapitulation.

	Churches.	Members.
Methodist E.	5	2,450
A. M. E.	10	2,380
A. M. E. Zion.	4	1,062
C. M. E.	3	710
Protestant Epis'pl.	2	200
Presbyterians	1	350
Congregationalist	2	250
Ind. Methodist	1	116
Baptist	32	13,000
Roman Catholics	1	1,000
	61	21,518

The average of the white church membership is 240. The colored 360, or as 3 is to 2.

These figures show that as matter of fact that the colored churches are not more numerous in point of numbers than those of the whites. Were the colored church membership of the same average membership as that of the whites there would be ninety instead of sixty churches, fifty-five of which would be Baptists.

But take the relative ability of the two races to support their churches, and it would need fully at least one thousand members to average as much as much as the white church with 240. In the light of this consideration it will be seen that a colored church of 360 members in point of financial ability is about equal to a white church of the average of 80 members. In this I rate the colored man relatively higher than he belongs This shows at a glance that colored churches of the average size as ours are entirely too small, financially considered.

Another reason why these churches should be consolidated—denominational and individual. Such is the pressure for current expenses that very little is done for other than the most urgent purposes. How many have societies for helping the poor? What aid do they give the poor? I do not allude to those spasmodic efforts in their behalf in the time when to aid them is an evidence of the moral contagion that is afloat; when the names of givers are paraded in the public prints; but to that organized action which goes through the lanes and alleys, to the homes where squalor and destitution abound, and there gives comfort; where disease is making sad havoc, and gives the oil and the wine; where reverse of fortune has driven away friends and sympathy, and there administers the oil of consolation. This is the work for the poor to which I refer.

It is true to-day as eighteen hundred years ago—the poor ye always have with you. But would you have, asks one, the church perform the functions of the benevolent societies? I certainly would have the church so broad in its beneficiaries and provisions as to make many of the societies wholly unnecessary.

This financial prostration prevents the societies from engaging to any extent in educational work, to say nothing of missionary labors. How many make contributions to any specific educational organization even those of their own denomination? How many aid students in obtaining an education? Few; their heavy burdens made so largely because their small numbers leaves them unprepared to do little else than to support their families. There are exceptions, of course, to this rule. Asbury church last year contributed in one day $100 to the cause of education. The Presbyterian church aids in the education of two colored ladies at a seminary in North Carolina.

On the other hand the minutes of the Baltimore Conference of the A. M. E. church show that all of the churches in this district with a membership nearly double that of Asbury, gave for all missionary and educational purposes less than one hundred dollars or a little more than five cents a member.

But the length of this paper and the limit which the rules of this society enforce forbid further elaboration. I shall simply state a few propositions on which any who desire may if they can join issue.

1. The nature of the worship which prevails in a large number of colored churches is far different from that which characterizes the other churches of the same denomination. Either the latter are at fault or we have mistaken emotion for devotion.

2. The low standard of intellectual qualifications which too many of our churches submit to, drives away many from the churches in which they were brought up to others; not because of any changes in their religious opinions, but because they protest against ignorance and bigotry in the pulpit.

It is a fact, however harshly it may jar against our early associations, that modern science and modern discovery have put new interpretations none the less divine, upon the meaning of the Old and New Testament.

The church of to-day requires, yea demands an educated ministry, and none more so than the colored church, whose minister exercises a much wider influence than his white co-worker.

3. The manner of incurring church debts without any clear way of providing for their liquidation needs the strongest censure. The public who are invariably appealed to and in many cases in such a way that positive refusal is out of the question, has rights as well as the church authorizes.

4. The management of the finances of the colored church needs to be with regard to the usual checks in business houses. Full annual reports of receipts and expenditure to be publicly read should be demanded in all our churches. A few do act in obedience to this principle, but the exception only proves the rule.

5. Lastly, many practices which have come down from a former generation, such as the indiscriminate reading of notices not of religious character need to be abolished. The average church attendant of to-day is a reader of daily and weekly newspapers, and is likely to get as intelligible an idea from the notice in the public prints as from the pulpit. It is a habit which reflects upon our information and should be stopped.

What I have said about colored churches, as you may have perceived, has been with regard to their defects; but their excellences need no tribute of praise from me. I do not oppose, I believe in, I champion colored churches.

Their work in the elevation of the colored American from the plane at which freedom found him, in the earlier days of our Republic, has been one of the grandest in the history of mankind. These men like Richard Allen, Christopher Rush, Gloucester, Absalom Jones, Peter Williams, Rev. Paul, Theodore S. Wright, and later still Richard Robinson, Leonard A. Grimes, Richard Vaughn, Dr. J. J. Gould Bias, William Douglass, D. W. Anderson and William P. Newman excavated the soil, and prepared the foundation upon which we, their sons, have raised the superstructure. We have more and better opportunities now, but the fathers of the church by their zeal for good works and display of ability did a work that is invaluable.

I have no time to waste words with those who are for abolishing colored churches, root and branch. I recognize them as existing and as likely to exist, at least during the generation of which I form a part. Whatever, therefore, I see in them that detracts from their usefulness, power and influence, the duty is mine no less than that of the surgeon to manfully perform the operation, however painful to the victim or unpleasant to me.

[I have since learned that the Zion church southwest, of which Rev. W. Gibbons is pastor, has 1,500 members, and that the value of its property is $10,000.]

The End.

THE ARTHUR SOCIAL CLUB.

BY ARGUS.

Last Monday evening the above named club gave a reception at the armory of company A, Capital City Guard, on E street. From the title it might at once be seen that it was designed to be a high-toned affair. It was christened the "Arthur Club" because, I suppose, the distinguished gentleman bearing that name was the recognized head of social circles. We are a very imitative people, you see, and the faculty for imitation is somewhat developed at an early age, as will be seen. Now this Arthur Social Club (would you believe it,) consists of young men ranging in age from thirteen to seventeen years. That a set of beardless, brainless and impecunious young urchins should set out to "hire a hall" and give "a grand reception" is to the more sober mind very ridiculous, and evidences a phase of progress (I mean rapidity), which stands sadly in need of a check. It would not be so bad if the boys had the matter all to themselves. The "willful waste" would be followed by its natural sequence, "a woeful want," and thus retributive justice would be administered. But the reception was attended by girls whose ages range from thirteen to sixteen years—mere "girls," whose only protection was the inflated gallantry of boys who were less strong and more frail than themselves.

Just think of it! Boys and girls go to a public hall and have a grand reception all by themselves. They drink wine and eat all sorts of indigestible stuff, which they are pleased to sum up as a menu. They dance and indulge in all sorts of sparking, and imitate, as nearly as their limited common sense will permit, the coquetry of their seniors.

No mother is there to reprove the improper behavior of the girl! No father to administer rebuke and a good thrashing to a fast boy! They dance and spark till the "wee sma' hours," and then the young sports call their carriages, and with the air of a Chesterfield gallant their ladies to the cab. They go home, and the foolish parents are found snoring and slumbering, unmindful and regardless as to the silly conduct of their sons and daughters. It is bad enough for our young ones to have receptions. Of course little parties are in order, and even in those cases parents should make it their business to see that they are properly escorted home. But when parents permit their infants to at tend receptions and what not with out their supervision, they are liable to the charge of gross and I may say criminal negligence which opens the door to the wrong doer and will eventually bring disgrace and dishonor on the family. Our small girls should not be permitted to attend receptions, and any attempts on the part of young boys to have them, frowned down by society. Some of the sons and daughters of our most respected families were found at the above-named reception, This is too great a sacrifice. The effect of home training is neutralized by this looseness which parents encourage with respect to social gatherings. Besides, the effect of home training is not only neutralized, but ofttimes actually destroyed and vitiated. It is time we were looking to the future of our youths. It is enough for girls from 18 to 25 to attend receptions, unattended by parents, but it is when it comes down to upstarts it is time to be drawing the line. Let us discourage these juvenile receptions; this useless expenditure of time and money, this inordinate love of what is senseless and useless, this disgrace-breeding, health-breaking, wild, reckless night masquerades which tend to demoralize our youths and sap the foundations of our society. Look to it, and stop these receptions.

—The Arthur social club gave a very fine ball Monday night at the armory of the Capital City Guard.

LOVE A-COLD.

Disappointment's Pall Cast Over a Passion that Might Have Worn the Stars of Joy.

[Chicago Tribune "Lakeside Musing."]

"Do you speak Greek?"

George W. Simpson looks up at Minerva Stiggins in the frank, blue-jay-on-the-fence manner so characteristic of western people, and answers her only by a quiet, dreamy smile that tells with far more eloquence than could any words that he does not conceive her question to have been put in earnest. And then, as the sighing winds of autumn sweep softly over the veranda on which they are sitting, bringing with them a faint, sensuous perfume of New England rum and XX mackerel, he recalls the fact that he is far, far away from the home of his childhood, and that the one beside whom he is sitting was born in this town whose quaint old houses and girls who say piano-limb are cast into strange relief by the daily presence of two beings whose lives jut out boldly into history and whose influence on the higher influence of the century will be felt long after they have passed away or been ordered up—Ralph Waldo Emerson and John L. Sullivan.

And so, starting suddenly from his reverie, he looks at Minerva only to notice that the tears are coursing silently down her cheeks, and that her bosom, rounded and voluptuous as a knife-blade, is shaken by a storm of sobs. He sees also that she is chewing gum with a mad, passionate energy that tells its own story of terrible grief, and his whole heart goes out in a flood of love and sympathy toward this beautiful being whose eye glasses are wet with the saline evidence of her overwhelming sorrow. Stepping close beside Minerva, and putting a hassock between them so that the soft, rounded curves of her Venus like form may not bruise him, he twines one arm tenderly about her taper waist.

Presently he bends his head a little and whispers softly in her pink-tinted ear. "I did not mean to offend you, my darling," says he, "I love my little natural history—girl, I mean—far too well for that. My whole being is wrapped up in your life, and without it my life would be as aimless and dreary as a St. Louis joke. Such a love as ours cannot, must not be destroyed. It would be a cruel wrong to throw the black pall of disappointment over a passion that might so easily wear the stars of joy. You must fly with me, Minerva—fly to the golden west, and there, amid the beauties which nature has showered with lavish hand upon the face of mother earth, decking each feature with a garland of her own making, we will while away the hours together, our love making the days pass on golden wings, while every passing zephyr shall bear with it our peans of joy at being forever united. Do not scorn my proffered love, Minerva, but say that you will make my whole life a great, holy, three-story-and-basement joy"—and dropping the hassock that had heretofore fended her off George clasps the blushing but largely ossous girl to his vest.

And so they stand there—he too much out of breath to break the silence, and she too blissfully happy in the knowledge of his love to say the words that are welling up from her Massachusetts soul. George can feel her heart beating against his, feel the throbbing bunion on her left foot, and a still, small voice, like that announcing the vote for Hayes in case he should run for president again, tells him that the answer to his pleadings will be a favorable one. Bending again he imprints a chaste, historical-society kiss just abaft her larboard ear and waits for an instant until he can recover from the shock.

"Am I to receive no answer, my precious one?" he murmurs, laying his cheek against her bang as he speaks. "Can you not whisper your answer in my ear?"

The girl looks up, and placing her ruby red lips in front of his Hoosac-tunnel ear says: "I would follow you, my prince, to the end of the world."

* * * * * * * * *

A year has passed. So has a man who sits to the left of the dealer in a Chicago poker game.

That man is George W. Simpson.

In the richly-furnished parlor of a turreted boarding-house that flecks the horizon on La Salle avenue sits Minerva Stiggins, the bride of a twelvemonth. She is peering anxiously out into the darkness. Presently a form approaches the house, and she hastens to the door to admit her husband.

"Hello, Min!" he says in a cheery voice, "What are you up so late for?"

"I am waiting for you," she answers. "I wish to have a talk with you," and she leads the way to the parlor.

George seats himself in front of the fire and Minerva, twining her arms around his neck, prepares to perch on his knee.

"Not there," he cries hoarsely.

"Why not?" exclaims the girl. Why may I not be folded in the embrace of the one man whom I love?"

"Because," he replies, in tones that bespeak his earnestness, "I do not wish to be frost-bitten."—[From "His Bony Bride," by Murat Halstead.

Gounod's Opera of "Faust."

[Paris Letter.]

About thirty years ago a poor little musical composer, very modest and almost unknown, tried to sell the partition of an opera which had just lately been produced here in Paris to some publisher, but nobody wanted it. Perhaps one of the music-houses would have accepted the partition had it not been for the illustrious Berlioz, who advised him not to touch it at the price demanded—that is to say a sum equal to $600. When the publisher had declined the music the young composer carried his manuscript to another house, but it was refused simply because the first had done so. The poor man—he is illustrious and rich now—was strolling along the boulevard, feeling quite down in the mouth, when he met a young gentleman named Choudens, a clerk in the department of state. To him the composer of the new opera related his troubles, whereupon Choudens said:

"Ma foi, but it is lucky we met. I am going to marry in a few days the daughter of a man who engraves music series, and when we are married we shall start a music house for ourselves. I cannot afford to pay 3,000 francs for your opera, but I will give you 1,500 francs for it if you will trust me for the years" The composer accepted these terms and the opera was printed.

The name of the opera is "Faust," that of the composer Charles Gounod, and Choudens has gained more than $200,000 on this great work alone.

OUR DRAWING TEACHER.

BY LE DUKE.

A drawing teacher is a splendid acquisition to our school system. If it conferred no more profit than to give the young urchins a chance to caricature the wry faces of their fellow students and teachers, it would be a grand idea. Aside from this diversion, there are other considerations which make the institution one much to be desired and encouraged. It affords a splendid opportunity for disciplining the teacher. Then, too, it has a tendency to increase a fund (for what purpose I do not know), which at least makes more money to be applied somewhere by some one or more. Of course the main object of the institution, as applied to the teachers, is to compel that close observance to the study of drawing, which is so highly necessary to the proper instruction of pupils. I understand that a rule has been adopted by the colored drawing teacher which imposes a penalty of 25 cents upon every teacher who omits her lesson at a certain time. The teacher is not allowed, however, to let the lesson pass absolutely, for she is required to make it up. I suppose that the rule was also adopted to insure punctuality on the part of the teachers. I have read the reports of the superintendent, and have inquired as to how things were managed in school affairs; but I have not seen any rule which requires or permits the instructor in drawing to charge 25 cents, or any other sum, for omissions referred to, nor have I heard that the trustees had the power to issue instructions to that effect. I would, therefore, ask by what authority does the teacher make these charges? Is it to make a sinking fund? If so, for what purpose? If the teacher is charged a stated sum for omitting a lesson in drawing, why cannot the trustees charge 25 cents for every instance of tardiness on the part of the teacher? And if there is authority for making charges in a given case, why cannot charges be made for all instances of dereliction? Then, too, to what special appropriation is the amount thus raised credited? Can the trustees or officers of a public school system devise ways and means for the maintenance of the system? If so, why could they not enlarge the scope of their charges and assess every pupil 5 cents for being tardy or unruly or anything else upon which a pretext for charges could be made? Are the faults of teachers to be measured by so many dollars and cents? Will the creation of a private fund justify dereliction on the part of a teacher? It seems to me that it is hardly in keeping with proper administration to excuse gross negligence in consideration of a certain sum. If a teacher is sick and cannot attend drawing lesson is it fair to say that Providential detention must be supplemented by a fine? By all the laws of justice it should be charged up against Providence. And if, for reasons not compatible with a proper regard for the welfare of the system, a teacher fails to attend lessons, will it benefit the service to charge him for it? It is my idea that where there is a good excuse for failure to profit by instruction in drawing, there should be no charge; but that where negligence is observed, such negligence should be made a part the record of the teacher, which record should be well considered when the new appointments are to be made. The teachers are paid for the service they render the pupil, and if they are unable to render proper service, they should be dismissed, not made to pay a paltry sum. Besides, as I said before, where does this little fund go? How and where is it applied? The regular appropriations provide for the various departments of instruction. What is the need of this fund? Is the fund to be applied to some certain branch of instruction not provided for in the appropriations? If so, supposing all the teachers to be punctual, what becomes of the branch? It won't do. The office of teacher of drawing is simply ministerial. It does not warrant this ridiculous assessment, and the functions of the trustees cannot apply to this extent. They can turn a teacher out, but they can raise no fund. If they could the position of trustee would not be without its inducements, and the school system would not be free from the schemes of the dishonest and avaricious. Reform the service not by a system of taxation, but by the judicious use of the pruning knife.

A university which cannot attend to its own affairs without the intervention of the police authorities, should close its doors. The students are highly incensed, and justly so, over this vile action of those in authority, and intend to do all in their power to see the young lady righted. The President and Matron, all of them in fact, preach Christianity and perfect love and charity, but seldom put it into practice. They are immensely theoretical, but do not know the name of practice. I may disclose the name of the institution and the parties involved in my next letter.—Cleveland *Gazette*.

The People's Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1876.

C. A. LEMAR,

Business Manager and Financial Ag't

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

St. Cloud Building, Cor. F and Ninth Sts., Rooms 45 and 46, Washington, D. C.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, if paid in advance..... $1.50
One copy one year if paid after three months $1.65
One copy, one year, if paid after six months. $1.75
One copy, one year paid at end of year..... $2.00
One copy six months..... $1.00
One copy three months..... .50

Entered at the Washington Post Office second class matter.

Please send by postal order or registered letter.

Adress, The People's Advocate, Box 263, Washington, D. C.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

A TIMELY WARNING.

It has been very wisely said that, "The mob, like the ocean is very seldom agitated without some cause, superior or exterior to itself; but both are capable of doing the greatest mischief, after the cause which first set them in motion has ceased to act."

The recent mob in Cincinnati was a striking exemplification of the above idea. There was a cause and the citizens of Cincinnati, indignant at the manner in which jurors were induced to disregard all evidence for considerations of the most corrupting character, took steps to correct an abuse which to them it seemed was beyond the power of judicial rules and regulations to control. Infuriated more and more as expositions to their manifestations of righteous indignation increased, they were led on and on, until in their wrath they cast a blot on the fair name of their city, permitted riot and bloodshed to take the place of peace and order and committed murder where they meant to make a sacrifice. There is a lesson to be learned from a catastrophe but just now ended.

The bloody record of 21 dead and 120 wounded unfortunates, means something. It calls loudly for reformation in our jury system. There is an under-current which is operating silently, but with resistless force aiming at the destruction of a system which in effect diverts the aims of justice and makes men mere things to be bought and sold like sheep and oxen to the highest bidder, which permits the wealthy or influential to commit deeds of darkness and crime, unpunished and discriminates against the poor and weak. In our crowded cities we find unprincipled shysters, and "professional" jurors who hang around the courts to cheat and rob and thwart the ends of justice. Even in our own city we have heard it said that certain men would be acquitted when everybody knew they were guilty.

This comes from the corrupt influences and acts of unprincipled legal-blacklegs and still worse professional jurors. Something should be done to remove these two classes of social barnacles and legalized vampires else the tide of indignation will become so strong that nothing short of civil war will be the consequence. If we look over the record of crimes and note to what extend guilty men have been permitted to escape unpunished, partly on account of the slow process of judicial trials, but more by reason of the bribes of corrupt men, we might see some slight causes for the lynching and the like.

Of course lynch law is not to be encouraged, but it will manifest itself with greater and greater force in proportion to the lack of restraints upon the vile practices of wicked men and as will give way entirely only when needed reforms are instituted and justice is permitted to be administered untrammelled.

Mr. Gilbert Joy accuses Postmaster Conger of promising his son a nine hundred dollar position for the former's support of Conger's aspirations to be elected delegate to Chicago. The bait was not taken. If Postmaster Conger is elected, a searching examination will be made as to the motives of those who supported him.

BOSSISM.

It is rumored that some of the aspirants for the position of delegate to the National Convention are resorting to unpopular methods of bossism in order to further their interests. And these aspirants are resorting to the lowest practices of "bosses." They are disposed to go the whole hog, ond propose to go to the convention whether the Republicans of the District wish it or not. A prominent candidate who now holds the position as postmaster of this city, we learn, has adopted a "cute" system of hiring all the halls in certain districts of the city with the view to preventing citizens who oppose him from holding a meeting.

In this Mr. Conger may find the small end of the dilemma, for an intelligent public will hardly see fit to support a man who so far forgets himself as to resort to such smart tactics. And there might be some consolation in this to Mr. Conger if the little scheme would work; but somehow it has gotten out, and those who have been enthusiastic for him "hauled in," while those who have been opposed to him are urged on to more strenuous opposition by the possession of and evidence of his incompetency.

It wont do Mr. Conger, it wont do. Treat them right and they will stand by you, but don't try to pull wool over their eyes, much less attempt to bulldoze them, as it appears you have striven to do in the seventh district. You have taken the wrong "tack." Haul in and take a straight course and hoist a true flag, and you *may* steer clear of reefs and shoals, but otherwise not.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

It is not necessary for us to enter into any legthly discussion to prove to the colored people that Bob Ingersoll is their friend. His affiliations from the time he enlisted in the cause of Republicanism have been consistent in the uniform solicitude he has manifested touching the rights of colored people. We will make two instances. About the time General Butler declared slaves contraband of war, but before his decision was generally promulgated, General Halleck, under whom Colonel Ingersoll was serving, issued an order, (the famous order No. 3,) which was in effect, that all slaves entering the Union lines for the purpose of giving information should, after such information was received, be sent back to their masters.

This, to say the least, was one of the most ungenerous orders ever issued. Col. Ingersoll on receiving the order indignantly refused to obey it, declaring it inhuman, with the statemcnt that if the very gods declared it he would no obey, and that the flag of America was disgraced and would continue to be disgraced until Liberty was written all the way across it. He did this for the Negro before he was able to help himself. Many years after this, though not many months ago, he came out against the invidious decision of the Supreme Court in the Civil Rights cases, declaring it to be a disgrace to the intelligence of the American people, and a blot on their civilization. Thus he befriended the slave and thus the colored citizen. Can any man doubt the fidelity of Bob Ingersoll? Do not his services deserve some recognition? And would it be too much to send him to the convention? We think not.

Miss. Annie E. Geary "one of our girls" deserves to be heartily congratulated on her victory as prize essayist. For competitors she had among others Prof. W. S. Scarborough and Miss Lizzie Lindsay, (the aunt Peggy of the colored press) of New Albany, Ind. The ratio of merit awarded to each is as follows: H. A. Bean, 50; G. A. Maston, 65; J. W. Green, 80; R. M. Cheeks, 85; Lizzie A. Lindsay, 90; J. C. Brock, 92; L. J. Coffin, 93; Prof. Scarborough, 95.5; Annie E. Geary, 96.2.

By what authority does Mr. Hunster, teacher of drawing, assess teachers twenty five cents for lessons they have failed to receive from him? "Le Duke" has the floor and so may Mr. Hunster or those who approve or can explain his action.

The students of Howard University did not, as was editorially stated last week, petition for the removal of Dr. Patton. We make this correction in justice to all parties concerned.

Congress has given suffrage for the District a black eye.

Parents and Guardians read aloud in your family circles what Argus has to say in this week's issue. "Read, mark and inwardly digest."

We have been persuaded little by little, until we are last convinced that ex-Governor Butler of Massachusetts, must be considered as out of all question among those who may be chosen for the votes of honest-minded and honest-hearted Greenbackers. *The National View* brought forward his name in good faith and withdraws it in sincerity, because the opposition to him is wide-spread and well-founded. Ex-Governor Butler has done nothing but to provoke more opposition by weakening confidence by silence under circumstances which demand that he should be silent. Of course, he has not been consulted by *The National View*, either in the beginning or now. His conduct towards Greenbackers has always been kink, but patronizing. He has played the part of David to his followers in the Cave of Adullam, and the presumption from his acts is quite evident, that he looks upon us all as political out-casts, willing to follow where we believe protection may be obtained. But on this ground alone we are justified in bidding his leadership farewell, and this we now do.—*National View.*

A Colored Dramatic Festival.

Springfield, Ohio, March 27.—What will probably be the most unique entertainment which has ever taken place in Ohio will be held in this city in the near future, lasting four nights, at Black's Opera House. It will be a dramatic colored festival, in which the leading dramatic talent of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield and other cities will participate and concentrate their abilities to produce four plays—Lady of Lyons, Hamlet, Othello and Romeo and Juliet. A well-known young colored elocutionist of Cincinnati will appear as Juliet, and a well-known colored gentleman of Cincinnati as Othello. This is betieved to be the first case on record of the production of these plays with an entiae colored cast.

Our Portsmouth Letter.

"Was the matrimonial course of Frederick Douglass justifiable as a leader of the colored race?" was debated by Messrs. Richard Gordon, affirmative, and Joseph Wright, negative, at the Zion Baptist church on Friday evening. After the disputants got through, the question was put to a vote and Mr. Wright bore off the palm.

The Webster club is having repairing and other improvements done to their hall and surrounding property to the amount of $150.00. The enterprise is sure to succeed under the supervision of its business manager, Thomas Davis, who is a justice of the peace, and has a thriving grocery store in the midst of his people and is doing well. If his jurisdiction was ten miles distant from the city with its number of inhabitants so thickly settled, it would suffice to create a mayoralty. His attention is called daily.

The paper-dress reception of last Friday evening was a novelty and a grand debut; every lady was handsomely dressed, all shades and modern styles of the Fashion-guide were worn by the participants; as a prize was up for the best dressed lady, none would dare trust themselves to make their dresses, but had them artistically flounced and puckered by the leading dressmakers of the city. Miss Millie Wright was awarded the prize.

Prof. T. C. Scottron will read Tuesday at North-street A. M. E. church; he has read here before and gave such great satisfaction that he has been requested to repeat his much admired skill as a tragedian. The Sabbath school of the last named church will give an Easter cantata the second of April for the benefit of the school.

Portsmouth and Norfolk county need not be told of the action of the recent legislature; invectiveness is plainly seen; like the track of a cyclone, it has devastated everything which lay within their reach, save the burning hope which the Negro ever cherishes and never despairs of—i.e., "there is a good time coming." Heretofore the black man was employed in the deep, dingy holes as coal-heavers and firemen, but, alas, they have bounced them from there and elsewhere, not allowing him to act even as gate-keeper.

I surmise something is up; barbers of this city are holding caucus meetings. If they are discussing "tariff" on account of razors and scissors, why not make the matter known to dressmakers, if the use of scissors and highly polished steel instruments are the working tools of the B's craft?

Chestnut-street Academy is progressing finely under the supervision of Rev. E. H. Bolden. The general appearance of the scholars shows that lectures and other useful instructions, save the letter, are taught. Rev. W. G. Alexander thus far has left no stone unturned toward preparing for the annual conference. He realized more than $400 at the recent fair, and in addition to this, Superintendent I. C. Norcom, of the Sunday school, with his braves, contributed to the church nearly $150.

I. Chas.

Smalls Serenaded.

Gen. Robert Smalls was serenaded by Company B, Capital City Guards Thursday night at his residence, 1512 L-street. Capt. Gray introduced the Guards, after which Gen. Smalls made a fitting response. Brief speeches were then made by Messrs. Minton and Rainey, after which Company B was invited inside to partake of the cheer of Gen. Smalls. The crowded condition of our columns forbids a more extended notice.

Personal.

Rev. Islay Walden, a graduate of the Normal department of Howard University, died at his post in North Carolina February 2, of acute bronchitis. Under the auspices of the American Missionary Society he returned to labor in his native county, where, assisted by his cultivated wife, he roused the people to much interest in their development, built up a village, had a postoffice established and became postmaster. Mr. Walden was a born missionary. He will be recalled as having established ten years ago a very successful mission school at the Columbia Law building.

T. T. Fortune, esq., of the New York *Globe*, spent Monday and Tuesday in this city looking up data for his forthcoming book to be published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, entitled "Social Problems at the South." Mr. Fortune is in excellent health, and in fine fighting trim. He has not yet decided to attend the Pittsburg conference.

James A. Scott, of Birmingham, Ala., who, for several years, had the notoriety of publishing the only colored Democratic paper in the country, has returned to the Republican fold. His card is published in the *Pilot* of the former city, giving his reasons at length therefor.

Annapolis Announcements.

Last Sunday Rev. D. P. Seaton, presiding elder, preached at Mt. Moriah church from Revelations 22d chapter, 14th verse.

Quarterly conference was continued from last Sunday. A good collection was raised.

At 2:30 p. m. the S. S. held their regular session, and at night their exercises were more than ordinarily interesting. Rev. Ruffins, who is engaged in missionary work, also delivered an address.

Rev. W. W. Foreman preached his first sermon at Asbury, and made a good impression. Rev. J. A. Holmes, the former pastor, who is much loved, will leave for his new post in New York in a very few days. He is an earnest S. S. and church worker.

Mr. Nelson Stepheney, a student of Hampton, Va. and a former teacher in our county, died last Sunday of consumption. The funeral took place Tuesday from Asbury M. E. church. Rev. Holmes preached the serman, and Rev. Cargill assisted. Mr. S. was a young man of considerable promise.

A. B. Y. G.

The Grimes-Anderson Academy.

This, the latest established institution in our midst and the only one wholly under colored auspices, gave a musical and literary entertainment on Friday evening of last week, at the Fourth Baptist church, R-st. near 13th. The audience was by no means as large as it should have been.

The principal, Mr. A. C. Murphy, acted as director. Rev. Wm. Waring opened with prayer, and then came essays and recitations by pupils, male and female. Among the meritorious were a recitation of Bacon's Essay on Books, an essay by Miss Hudnell, and one on Music by a clever young lady. Miss Moten gave several organ solos, and the Howard University Glee club rendered some of their choice selections.

At the close of the regular programme brief addresses were delivered by Rev. Waring, Mr. J. W. Cromwell, of The Advocate, Prof. Dart, formerly principal of the academy, Rev. Robert Johnson. H. E. Baker, of the Detroit *Plain-Dealer*, and Mr. Murphy.

From the addresses of Revs. Waring, Johnson and Murphy, it is evident that the institution is making slow, but steady progress, and that it does not receive the encouragement it should, especially from the colored Baptists of this District.

The nucleus of the school was the opportunity which Rev. Johnson gave several years ago for pupils suspended from the public schools. From one the number grew to a large school. Several pupils who desired it were, on recommendation, restored to the public schools, while others pursued their studies.

Rev. Waring said the colored people of this community had not yet reached that stage of their development when they would readily support an institution of learning.

Mr. Cromwell said the trustees of the school should go to the Commissioners and to Congress for an appropriation, and the working forces utilized, which can bring hundreds of dollars by a single evening's entertainment.

Prof. Dart said his friendship for the institution had not ceased because of its adverse trials.

Mr. Baker expressed his pleasure in being present, and testified to his interest in the work.

Rev. Johnson and Mr. Murphy, both gave a graphic history of the institution and its present condition. There is a sewing circle attached to the school, which affords facilities for instruction in plain and fancy needle-work. It was under their auspices that the entertainment was given. This is sufficient proof of its financial success.

Industrial Schools.

An association has recently been organized for the purpose of conducting an Industrial School, especially devoted to the interests of the indigent. The ultimate object is to teach self-dependence to those who have been in the habit of depending upon the public charity for sustenance. The result of the organization is that two schools have been opened, one in the Miner school building, corner Seventeenth and P-streets, and one in the Banneker school building on Third-street near K-street, the School Board having temporarily granted the use of a room in each building.

The officers of this association are the following: Mrs. B. K. Bruce, president; Mrs. S. A. Martin, vice-president; Mrs. Otey, recording secretary; Miss Briggs, corresponding secretary. d Mrs. J. F. Cook, treasurer.

From Hillsdale

The quarterly review of the Bethlehem Baptist Sunday school of Hillsdale, D. C., was held last Sunday evening. The exercises were opened by singing "Holy, Holy". Prayer by Prof. J. D. Baltimore. Singing, "The Open Door."

The lessons of the quarter was well mastered by the scholars which reflected much credit on the officers and teachers. The quarterly report was read by Miss G. R. Simpson, which showed a prosperous condition of the school. An announcement of the election of officers was made as follows:

C. W. Davis, superintendent; Rev. H. Scott, assistant; Miss A. Phillips, treasurer; Miss G. R. Simpson, secretary; Miss S. Bryant, organist; Miss A. E. Davis, ibrarian; James Goodlow, assistant librarian.

Addresses were delivered by the following named gentlemen: Prof. B. F. Messer, Mr. John Shea, of Boston, Dr. Thompson and Rev. J. H. Welch. Remarks were also made by Mr. P. H. Montgomery, Rev. Wm. H. Scott and Mr. Waring.

A choice solo was sung by Mrs. Wm. D. Kelly and repeated by request. Miss Annie E. Davis also sang a solo.

Quite a large number of friends were present. Among whom were Mr. Charles R. Douglass, Mr. Lomax, Supt. of First Baptist Sunday school, Georgetown, D. C., Mr. C. Newton, of Mt. Carmel Baptist Sunday school, and justices Moss and Hewlett. The exercises were highly complimented by the speakers. Mr. C. W. Davis needs to be proud of being the founder of the Baptist Sunday school of Hillsdale, D. C.

BETHEL LITERARY.

The anti-slavery movement between 1820 and 1830 was the subject of the paper by Gen. Birney last Tuesday night. Gen. Birney, after a brief survey of the events at the close of the revolution in Europe and America, traced the progress of the movement to the close of the slave trade, which, by a remarkable coincidence was made illegal by Great Britain and the United States in the same year, 1807. He then gave a graphic description of the establishment of abolition societies in and throughout the country, North as well as South, and the effect of the Missouri compromise upon the anti-slavery agitation. Unconditional and immediate emancipation had many advocates even in this period, and quite a number of newspapers were established, especially in Tennessee and Ohio.

He gave prominence to the victory in Illinois which gave that state to freedom. In this movement several Southern men acted as leaders. He read an interesting sketch from an Ohio paper, dwelt in detail upon the work of Rev. Rankin, Osborne, and Benjamin Lundy. These anti-slavery men did not long remain under the influence of the colonizationists; many of them repudiated it. Colored, men North and South, in Philadelphia and in Richmond, in public meeting denounced the movement, and their earliest paper, *Freedom's Journal*, published in New York in 1827, kept up a spirited warfare on it.

The paper was discussed by Hon. Frederick Douglass and Prof. R. T. Greener, who commended it as a valuable contribution to anti-slavery literature. Col. G. M. Arnold paid an elotribute to the military career of Gen. Birney, and Gen. Birney closed the discussion.

Miss Laura Arnold sang "Drifting with the Tide," accompanied by Miss Annie Davis, and Miss Lucy Moten gave as a piano solo "The Mountain Stream."

Next week Mrs. Walker, of Alabama, speaks on "The Pride of Races."

Meeting their New Pastor.

At a regular weekly meeting of Asbury M. E. Sabbath school teachers' board held at the church, corner 11th and K-streets, n. w., Friday evening, the 28th inst., with the superintendent, J. H. Chestnut in the chair, after going over the lesson for the following Sabbath and singing the lesson hymn, the pastor came in accompanied by Mr. Geo. Martin. The members all arose to their feet and the superintendent announced that Miss Beckett, one of the teachers, would deliver the welcome address, which she did in appropriate language with credit to herself and honor to the entire board, which was followed by the pastor's welcome song. The pastor, Rev. R. A. Ried, then responded in a brief and promising address, and asked the co-operation of the school workers, and wished them to hold up his hands in the discharge of his duty, as he knew nothing in the cause of Christ but go ahead. After giving a short sketch of his Sabbath school from which he had just been removed, he was introduced to each member of the board.

East Washington Notes.

Dr. William Bishop, of Annapolis, paid a flying visit to our city on Thursday last.

Mrs. George T. Jackson of Virginia avenue is preparing to leave the city to join her husband in Chicago. We wish them success.

The friends of Mr. Alfred Stevenson, of the southwest section, will be pleased to learn that he is gradually improving.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. David Carroll, of the P O. D., is somewhat improving, although he is quite sick yet.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. W. H. Grimshaw is much improved, being able to sit up an hour each day.

The concert at Ebenezer church on the 17th and 18th was a financial success; the proceeds were to aid the school treasury.

A grand fair will commence at Good Hope A. M. E. church, Anacostia, on the 9th instant and continue until the 15th; proceeds for the benefit of the above named church, Rev. John Love pastor.

The society of East Washington has been watching with eager eyes for a wedding to take place between a prominent couple of that section, but they have ceased to watch longer as one of the party in question has left the city. How long shall we watch?

Messrs. Wm. Jackson and Jas. Braxton left the city Thursday evening last for Columbus, Ohio, where the former gentleman has resided about two years.

The departure of the two gentlemen to the west will no doubt cause a wail of sadness in the eastern section, and those of the dear ones left behind have my sympathy.

Don't fail to read Hamburger's advertisement.

PORTUGAL TO-DAY.

Primitive Forms of Labor---Tools Inherited From a By-Gone Age.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

Until about the period of the land reforms of 1832, when emphytheusis was converted from a tenure with payments by services or in kind to one with money payments, the harrow and hoe were almost unknown. Threshing was usually performed by tramping the grain under the feet of horses and cattle. The plow is made wholly of wood and consists of beam, body, share, a single handle, looking as though the whole thing had been rudely shaped out of a forked tree. There is neither coulter nor mold-board; but the share (wooden) is carried forward lance-shaped and turned slightly forward. The work of the mold-board is done by two upright pegs at the heel of the plow, these pegs pressing out the soil on either side. This heavy and cumbrous implement is drawn by bullocks, in some cases by mules, and I have even heard of women being harnessed to it, as is commonly to be seen in Russia and not infrequently in Germany.

The mowing or reaping hook is in shape a short segment of a circle, of which the arc is about a foot in length. The edge is serrated, like that of a file and very sharp, and the hook can be used to cut grass not more than five inches high, the tuft of grass being taken in one hand and the edge of the hook drawn with the other against the stems. The cart is of the East Indian or Egyptian type. Two wheels of solid wood, without spokes, but with iron tires, sometimes with nails driven into the periphery, are fixed immovably to an axle, which revolves with them, making a prolonged squeak, resembling that of a steam whistle. The body of the cart is composed of four or five boards laid flat and resting on a frame, underneath which are two blocks of wood, grooved to receive the axle. The middle board is prolonged forward into a strong pole, to which the yoke is attached and to which the oxen are fastened with ropes around their horns. Indian corn is shelled by beating it with a long stick on a hard surface. It is ground to meal in a wooden block, having a semi-spherical hole in the centre and provided with a wooden club by way of a pestle

All grain is threshed by hand. Rough food for cattle is cut by nailing an iron hoop to an upright post and with the hand drawing the hay over the edge. A few French and English plows have found their way into the country of late years, but the peasantry are generally too poor to buy them. The winds are inconstant and but few windmills are employed, these few being of the most ancient type, similar to those which Don Quixote is pictured to have ridden against. In the absence of forests to hold back the snow and water the streams are subject to tremendous freshets and water powers are not used for mechanical purposes. There is no wood for steam fuel and but little native coal. English coal is used at Lisbon and Oporto, but, owing to the lack of roads, none is conveyed to the interior. There are some old Roman coal mines near Oporto and Coimbra, but they are waterlogged, and no efforts have been made to pump them dry.

A Royal Horsewoman.

[London Letter.]

Elizabeth Amalia Eugene, empress of Austria, is perhaps the keenest horsewoman in Europe to-day. It is no small compliment to the attractions of these islands that the empress of Austria and queen of Bohemia and Hungary, desiring to seek health and recreation in the open air, should desert the broad plains of the countries over which her husband holds sway to seek the delights of an English hunting-field.

It is about six years since she first made her appearance in the hunting field in this country. It was at a celebrated meet in Leicestershire, where, without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, the empress rode into the field, and cantered to covert side, many being unaware of her identity. The generally "correct" appearance of the lady, the admirable cattle on which masters and servants and a well-known cavalier in charge were mounted, drew attention to the small cavalcade, and soon it became abundantly apparent that the empress, who had come to England to hunt, knew perfectly well what was requisite and could hold her own with the best. "Hands," "seat," and knowledge of pace, it was observed, were all possessed in a high degree by this imperial lady, and pilot or guide not only very often found his place a sinecure, but on many occasions had to do all he knew to live the pace. She has made several visits since, both to Ireland and to England, hunting with the Westmeath hounds in the former, and with Sir Watkin Wynn's in the latter.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1884.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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Advertisements, send for rates.

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Mrs. J. A Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
H. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.
People's Book Store, 1727 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M Sts., N. W.
R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—A full line of spring samples just received at T. K. Richardson, the tailor, 615 L-st. northwest.

—The members of the Council of Honor should remember that next Monday night is the meeting at which delegates will be elected for the Grand Council, and furthermore that amendments to the constitution should then be presented.

—The fact that the grocery store of Metzger & Bro., 417 Seventh-st, was established in 1869, and that their store is in one of the busiest business sections of our city, should carry its own moral. Give them a call.

—Mr. J. R. F. Browne is now at Detroit.

—THE ADVOCATE can be found at Dr. Sumby's Drug Store, 441 Third-st, southwest.

—It was alike wise, timely and suggestive in Mr. Winfield Hall to present a gavel (his own workmanship), for the use of the presiding officer of Bethel Literary.

Send us $2 I5 and we will send you both THE ADVOCATE for one year and a copy of Tanner's Outline and History, the regular price of which is $1.

—The Cadets, at their armory, gave a pleasant Mother Hubbard party Monday night.

—A church fair is in progress at the Fourth Baptist church, R-street between 12th and 13th n. w., which will continue two weeks.

We will give a copy of Wendell Phillips' speeches, just published, to any one sending us the names of five new subscribers for three months, and $2.50. t-f.

—1,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell our Dime Ink Powders, and Distribute Circulars. Agents can make from $2 to $6 a day selling our goods, or $7.50 a week distributing circulars. Sends us 15 cents for samples and terms. Address T. E. Lipscombe, Graham, N. C., Alamance County. tf.

☞Read our new advertisements.

—When you desire photographs, give Chester & Handy a call.

—A special meeting of the superintendents and delegates of the Sabbath School Union on very *important* business is called for 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon at the 15th Street Presbyterian church.

Send us $2.50 cents and the names of five new subscribers for three months, and we will send you a copy of Lea and Shepard's edition of Wendell Phillips' speeches.

—A marvel of bargains you will find at Turpin's 5 cent store.

—Rodgers Cutlery is the best and the cheapest. To be satisfied, drop in at 487 Pa. ave.

—Gentlemen desiring neatly furnished rooms and first-class board at reasonable rates will please call at 1611 P Street, n. w. mch29-1m.

—Keen's reputation is so well established that it is only necessary to allude to his new advertisement found in another column.

—Mr. James M. Ricks is authorized to solicit advertisements and subscribers, and to act as collector in South Washington and Capitol Hill. tf.

—A missionary meeting will be held at Mt. Pisgah church Sunday week, the 13th inst.

—In view of the pending discussion on Blair's Educational bill, a mass meeting under the auspices of the Bethel Literary, will be held on the 15th instant. Prof. Gardiner will read the paper.

—The gathering last Sabbath afternoon at Ebenezer church met the expectation of the friends, and from the present outlook this year's work will be "ripe with luscious fruit."

The choruses by Ebenezer school were well rendered. The essay by Miss Grace Shimm, "Ruth," and Miss Fannie Costin, "Power of the Tongue," reflected credit upon these young ladies. The prize essay by Miss Annie Geary was read, and, judging from the enthusiasm it created, the popular judgment approves the award made A quartette, "Looking for Light," by the Misses Malvin, Nichols and Stewart, accompanied by Miss E. Herbert; solo, "I'm a Little Pilgrim," by little Mabel Geary, a child of six years, and a chorus by Bethel school were among the musical features of the occasion.

—Prof. T. C. Scottron read at the 15th-street Presbyterian church Monday night. As a histrionic artist he takes the rank among the best. In character sketches he was nature itself. As Dutchman, Yankee, Irishman or Negro there was nothing to be desired. In the legitimate drama his renderings fit him to be appropriately styled a tragedian. He has fine personal appearance, a full rich voice, carefully trained. His gestures are graceful and his conceptions those of an intelligent student.

—Misses Georgie and Belle Gibbons, daughters of Rev. Wm. Gibbons, pastor of Zion Baptist church, are both members of the Fisk Jubilee troupe, and will journey with it abroad. Miss Belle has but recently joined the company.

—Miss Maggie Wilson arrived here last Saturday and left for Jersey City to join the Fisk Jubilee troupe, of which she is a member. Miss Wilson was one of our sweetest contraltos and her popularity was fully attested by the large number of ladies and gentlemen who called on last Sunday afternoon. It was a perfect ovation. If the plans of Mr. Louddin are carried out, it will be five years before the troupe returns, for they are to spend two years in the British Isles, one on the Continent, to spend some time in southern Europe and in Egypt, and return by the way of Australia and the Golden Gate.

—Never did Miss Mattie L. Lawrence appear more winning than last Sunday at her home, 1524 M street, where she received a host of callers during her brief sojourn prior to her projected tour with the Fisk Jubilee troupe through the continent of Europe, Africa and Asia.

Miss Lawrence has, wherever she has yet appeared, invariably captivated the hearts of her audiences, no less by her attractive manners than by her melodious voice; and our readers may feel assured that greater victories and higher honors remain in store for her in the Old World.

Nature to a larger degree, perhaps, than to any other lady vocalist we have now in mind, has endowed her with those resources which create popularity and achieve success. We can now safely say this, for she is fairly on her journey across the broad Atlantic, and not liable to be embarrassed by anything contained in these columns. She left here Tuesday and sailed with the troupe on Wednesday. On arriving at Liverpool the company will be tendered a reception by a committee of ladies, after which they will begin their tour.

I was traveling lately in the jungle, and the constant exposure to extreme heat and dampness, followed by chilly nights, brought on a severe Cold, which quite destroyed my voice for a few days, and then settled into a hard Cough. I procured a bottle of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant as soon as possible, and it gave me immediate relief, and soon removed the distressing symptoms. One of my friends who had been suffering with a Cough and severe pain in her Lungs, was persuaded to try the Expectorant, and after taking less than half a bottle, found herself quite well. We believe Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines are the most valuable that have ever been introduced into Burmah.—*Rosa Adams Bailey, of the Baptist Mission, Rangoon, Burmah.*

South Washington Notes.

Prof. T. C. Scottron of Boston, Mass., gave an exhibition of his skill in select recitations on Tuesday evening last, at St. Paul's A. M. E. church, 8th-st. bet. D and E, s. w.

The Prof. is a man of fine attainments and an acknowledged tragedian and should have been greeted with a full house, but we are sorry to say that there were very few present. The church has a very progressive pastor, one who strives to bring his congregation up to the standard, but it will require continued effort to awaken our people to the necessity of attending lectures and entertainments of the like character, but we must not despond, —"Hope on hope ever." Prof. Scottron left on Wednesday for Baltimore, Md.

There was quite a pleasant gathering at the residence of Miss M. L. Jordan, 25 E-st, s. w., on last Friday evening, the occasion being a reception tendered Rev. W. H. Phillips, of Ark., by the teachers of Zion Baptist Sunday school. The supper was partaken of with that heartiness which betrayed the fact that it was all that could be desired. The evening was spent in pleasant conversation until 11 o'clock, when all retired, well pleased with the manner in which they had been entertained.

The grade meetings held in the Randall and Anthony Bowen buildings on Thursday Mar., 27th, were very full of interest. The studies taught in the 4th grade by Miss C. E. Pryor were Arithmetic and Natural Science.

In the 3d grade by Miss A. T. Bowen, Zoology, Penmanship and Geography.

The revival at Zion Baptist church continues with increasing interest.

JUSTINE.

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PRESIDENT OF THE ZION WESLEY INSTITUTE,

SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA.

AT THE

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Tenth and G Streets.

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Admission.....25 cents.

No extra charge for reserved seats, which may be had at Ellis', 927 Penn. avenue, on and after the 9th instant.

Ap'l 5-3t.

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THE JORDAN CANAL.

The Combination of Engineering, Sentimental and Political Difficulties it Presents.

[Chicago News.]

For a combination of difficulties of an engineering, sentimental and political kind, the proposed Jordan valley canal is probably without a parallel among the great commercial enterprises of this age. The precise engineering difficulties involved are not as yet known, for no accurate survey of the country has ever been made. What is proposed is a canal 200 feet wide and forty feet deep, below sea level, from Haifa, on the Mediterranean, to the valley of the Jordan, a distance of twenty-five miles. It is estimated that such a canal would fill the Jordan valley to the level of the Mediterranean in about five years, creating an inland sea about ninety miles long, from six to twelve miles wide, and about 1,200 feet above the present level of the Dead sea.

From the Dead sea it is proposed to cut a canal of the same dimensions to the gulf of Akaba, thus opening a ship canal between the Mediterranean and the Red sea without crossing the isthmus of Suez. As already indicated, the canal elevations to be cut through are not precisely known, but that between Haifa and the Jordan is thought not to exceed 157 feet at the highest point. At the other extremity, however, the heights are much more serious, the lowest estimate placing the limit at 781 feet. Hence the estimates of expense vary remarkably from £8,000,000 by the promoters of the enterprise to upward of £225,000,000 by its enemies. If it can be done for £50,000,000 the prospect of a satisfactory return upon the investment would be encouraging.

The political considerations involved are, first, those of the sultan, who would lose by submergence about 1,500 square miles of territory, and in addition see the English come into practical supremacy in one of his most cherished provinces. The question is yet to be determined whether he would regard an improved access to his distant possessions in the south and the large tribute he would receive from tolls as an adequate compensation for what he would have to sacrifice. Moreover, the new waters would bury the Dead sea to a depth of 1,200 feet, and would submerge about 500 feet such prominent scriptural sights as Jericho, Capernaum and Tiberias. At the latter place there are Latin and Greek monasteries of immemorial antiquity, the protection of which would be likely to call France and Russia into prominence. Besides these direct interests involved there would be the sentimental protests of religious people in all parts of the world. Something has already been done to weaken the latter by the discovery of a passage in Ezekiel xlvii.: 8-10, where it is predicted that "fishers shall stand upon the sea from En-gedi even unto En-eglaim," a prophecy impossible of fulfillment without such an inland water as the one in question. A large surveying party is now on the way, at the expense of the English government, for the purpose of making an accurate examination of the whole route. It is expected to be able to report early in the year 1884.

Railway Traveling in England.

[Cor. Detroit Free Press.]

The general English railway system differs materially from the American. The stations as a rule are marvels of convenience and comfort—as far as these two wants can be found in a station. The clean and cheerful refreshment rooms with the counter attractions of really digestible sandwiches, penny glasses of milk and toothsome Banbury buns; the fully-stocked news stands of Mr. Smith, and the complete arrangements for booking tend to make it a pleasure to travel. The country station has a marked feature of its own in the handsome flower beds that surround it. It is a genuine surprise to find "Darlington" and "Blackburn" made known in flowery characters of pansies and geraniums and violets. A flower in the buttonhole of an American depot would be stolen in a day.

[illegible] compelled to chronicle a little misery traveling in England is the cheery face of the [illegible] the peddler of the daily paper [illegible] "Life of Pirate Jack" is absent, while the man who delights in making the corner grocer his footstool finds his occupation gone. It is lonesome, I repeat, excepting when a British baby is on board. It is not merely the laudable delight of the B. b. to run a violent opposition to the locomotive whistle, but he persists in making you feel at home in a strange country by abundant evidences of friendliness and good feeling. Another drawback is experience by the traveler in the marked similarity between the fifty odd compartments that comprise a passenger train. If he would only be allowed to take his own compartment under his arm when he found it necessary to patronize Bass or Perkins in the refreshment rooms all trouble would be avoided, but an unnecessarily strict rule requires that the carriages be left on the track.

Hunting for a Seventh Sense.

[British Medical Journal.]

Lord Lindsay got an enormous magnet, so large that the head of any person wishing to try the experiment could get well between the poles; and the result of the experiment was marvelous, the marvel being that nothing was perceived. Sir William Thomson, however, was not willing to admit that the investigation was complete. He could not think that the quality of matter in the air which produced such a prodigious effect on a mass of metal, could be absolutely without [illegible]ible effect whatever on a living [illegible] He thought the experiment worth re[illegible], and it was worth examining whether not an exceedingly powerful magnetic force was without perceptible effect on a living vegetable or animal body. His own speculations had led him to conclude that there might be a seventh or magnetic sense; and that it was possible an exceedingly powerful magnetic effect that could not be explained by heat, force or any other sensation might be produced on living bodies.

Against Battle Pictures.

[Joaquin Miller's Letter.]

It is a picture by Evans on a 10 by 15-foot canvas of "Custer's Last Charge." Of course, any man who chooses to take a battle scene for his subject can do so. I know it is a thrilling theme and one that stirs the blood, this battle work; but before I would celebrate any war or any event of war by either song or story, I would starve. Having said this and given utterance to my prejudice against battle pictures by which wars and deeds of blood are perpetuated, if not inspired, I am free to say that Mr. Evans' picture is almost entirely great. Leaving the highest masters of Paris to come here and serve through the war, he got lessons while campaigning, fighting, bleeding on the field, that few artists receive and live. This gives him rare and remarkable skill in painting the grim terrors of battle, as seen through the smoke of war in which God veils men's pitiful butcheries of each other.

Two farmers saw a couple of dudes on a [illegible] in Troy when one exclaimed: "Gosh! what things we see when we don't have no gun."

CLARA DI VENEZUELA.

[Texas Siftings.]

CHAPTER I.

It is night in the castle of King Rodriguez di Venezuela—night in the castle, and above the castle, and around about the castle everywhere—night when the darkness lends his robes to monster fear, and heaven's black mantle, banishing the light, drapes everything in forms of ugly, Japanese-art-work woe. From within the heavily mullioned windows, lights flash out and even gild the gloom.

The low, unhealthy moan of the trace-chained bull dog without mingles with the tempestuous, gang-saw voice of the mosquito within, and the soughing winds whistle through the turrets of the royal hen house like an asthmatic fat man climbing over a fence.

It is a festal night in the castle. Phflip St. Vincent Vermicilli, the sole heir of the lordly house of Vermicilli, has arrived and pulled off his boots. Is not the mission of his errand to demand the hand of the Princess Clara, the only, lovely daughter of King Rodriguez di Venezuela?

It is.

All the noble knights of the realm are assembled in the stately, grand ancestral halls of the castle. King Rodriguez ascends the throne on a step ladder. All is as still as death, and each of the noble guests could have distinctly heard a dray-pin drop on a nigger's head in the wide, wide waste of frescoed court yard far below.

But it didn't drop.

The king raises his voice and elecutes:

"Stand forth, most noble Vermicilli, and you, too, me well beloved daughter, Clara, form in a hollow square in dress parade before me."

With slow and carefully measured steps the pair approach, and kneel at the big foot of the throne—Vermicilli with a proud, haughty, don't-give-a-continental air, and the Princess Clara deeply veiled and trembling with a large and varied assortment of agitation.

Her royal father remarks in a voice in which paternal affection and fine cut struggle for the mastery:

"Do you, most lordly, courtly Vermicilli, accept the hand of my beautiful daughter, the worshipful Princess Clara?"

"I do," ejaculated the happy, expectant lover.

"And you, me daughter, do you accept the hand of the noble Vermicilli?"

As the Princess Clara heard these words, she glanced up with a quick, intelligent look on her handsome, heavily powdered features, and with a sudden jerk tore the wedding veil from her back hair. Tall and stately as she draws herself up with the innate modesty of a telephone pole, she captures the heart of every beholder. Large, luminous eyes, flashing jet black hair, and feet—but we cannot describe them. We have not space enough in this paper to do them justice.

Before the words of her father cease to reverberate throughout the grand and gloomy corridors, she disgorges a wild, impassioned shriek, and kneeling before the throne in agonized tones, and with tears coursing down her nose, she clamorously appeals to her father:

"Spare me, oh, noble sire! Fancy my feeling linked for life to a man 75 years old, bow-legged, with commercial teeth, and a nose like the Orient at sunrise. Do not ask your daughter to throw herself away, and blight her life for all time and eternity. Better resolve yourself into a committee of the whole, and reconsider the vote, old man."

As he heard these cruel words, a large $2.50 frown arose at Vermicilli's collar-button, enveloped his whole face and throat-latch, and, passing over his Parian marble brow, slipped down into the back of his neck. The old king could hardly believe his own ears, but as they had never gone back on him before, he concluded to trust them. Drawing himself proudly up, he gradually assumed an utterly impossible attitude, and with clenched fists and livid countenance, he howled:

"Ha! Base Kite! Me own daughter turned tra-a-a-itress! It is too much. Tell me that me ears deceived me. Say, oh, unsay these cruel, baleful words. Say that you will wed with Vermicilli, and all shall be forgiven!"

"No, father," said the [illegible] gesticulating like a pair of governor balls on an engine, "it can never be. I will only marry the best and noblest man in the world. I want no hand-me-down relic, who looks as though he had been snatched out of a second-hand store. Call a tournament of the most illustrious youth known to chivalry, and put an advertisement in the papers that I will marry the one with the most noble carriage, the chicest in the land, he who shows off to the best advantage. That's me, that's your own daughter, Miss Clara."

"Well," said the king, as he fell back in his chair thoroughly bluffed, "if that is the case, I suppose you must have your own way. Sir Vermicilli, I heartily beg your pardon for the slight inconvenience to which you have been subjected, but it seems to be the best I can do for you to-day. This court will now stand adjourned."

"A Vermicilli never forgives nor forgets an insult, sir. Just make a note of that. I have been deeply wounded in my most sensitive feelings, and ridicule has been heaped on my personal appearance. Nought but b-b-blud, and a good deal of it, can wipe the insult out."

With these words, Vermicilli melted majestically from the room, and was never seen afterwards. A sigh of relief escaped the lips of all present, and the company made a wild break for the dining-room, where a superb wedding supper was prepared, including all the delicacies of the season, embracing sardines and pie.

[Five days and nine hours are supposed to elapse between the first and second chapters.]

CHAPTER II.

When the proclamation was given out in the country that a grand tournament was to be held, of which the Princess Clara was to be the first prize, the novelty of the proposal set the whole nation on fire. The news spread like magic, and all the young men had high hopes of winning the prize. The proposed applicants immediately commenced to groom themselves, and made shaving, curling and milk and cologne baths the business of their lives.

Every young man in the kingdom concluded to put in a bid, besides several large foreign delegations. At last the grand day arrived, and great was the bustle and commotion throughout the city. At the hour set for the tournament all the citizens flocked to the lists, which were rapidly filling with the most beautiful youth known to the world of chivalry.

High and inscrutable, on a hand-made throne of scantling and three ply carpeting, sat the princess, blinding the eyes of the populace with her voluptuous beauty. Soon the trumpets sounded for the beginning of the tourney, and the nervous contestants began to slowly file past the Princess Clara. On they came with proud, majestic step, each with a mute appeal in his eyes and a sweet smile on his features. For hours they trotted up and down in the hot sun, but none of them appeared to come up to the proper majesty and princely bearing. Kings there were, and emperors and counts, dukes and earls in droves. All alike failed to awaken one responsive chord in the breast of Princess Clara, and it began to look as though there would be no choice, and heavy was the disappointment of the crowd. Suddenly a solitary trumpet was heard, and a new contestant appeared. As soon as he showed up in the lists, it was quite evident to the crowd that he would capture the prize. Tall, dark, and kingly, he trod the earth as though he owned it, besides being a silent partner in several other planets.

"What great king is that? He will be the lucky one. How princely he walks!"

When he reached the throne he saluted the princess with majestic grace, and hesitated as though conscious of his powerful charms. With a roseate blush the Princess Clara signified to a lackey that he might inform the beautiful stranger that the prize was awarded to him. Bowing low, the stranger mounted the throne and raised the hand of the princess to his lips amid the deafening cheers of the multitude, and the happy couple were immediately surrounded by the king and courtiers, who proffered hearty congratulations. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike his majesty. Standing reverently before the stranger, he asked, in a tone of interest and admiration:

"Noble, sir, would your highness have any objections to informing us of your name and lineage?"

"Certainly not," replied the stranger: "here is my card. I AM A NEW YORK HOTEL CLERK. I used to pound a gong at the Fifth Avenue."

N. B.—There is, or was, a moral connected with the above tale, but, in some mysterious manner, it has become detached and lost. Any one finding it will please leave it at this office and no questions will be asked.

A Professional Chinese Story-Teller.

[Hong Kong Cor. London Telegraph.]

At one end of the market was a crowd gathered around a man who, seated on a stool, was evidently reciting or reading something. I found he was a professional story teller, and that he was engaged just then in the narration of the troubles of a mandarin's daughter who, captured with her father by some rebels, went through a series of terrible adventures, but who finally, by her singular courage, released herself and her father, and brought the head of the arch rebel to the emperor. The reader, or rather the reciter, was a man of middle age, and of very respectable appearance. He held a fan in his hand, and his nails were very long, to indicate his gentility. I was told he was a very clever man, who could, if he liked, talk in a dialect that the common people could not understand, but that he was now speaking in Cantonese, and with great skill. It was evident that as the story progressed he laid hold upon the feelings of his audience, for as he dwelt upon the sufferings of the damsel, and wept copiously himself at the offspring of his own imagination, the people all around mingled their tears with his and showed signs of the deepest emotion.

These people would probably have looked callously on had they seen a girl in the position be described, but so fervent was his eloquence and so great his skill that they could not help weeping at the pictured tragedy. As for the orator himself, he would lower his voice and whisper, then, springing up, would shout out an impassioned sentence, relapsing once more into quietude as the tale went on. A magnificent actor, forgetting himself wholly in the interest of his tale, he held his hearers enthralled for more than two hours, for I now and again returned, only to find him unexhausted and his audience unsatiated. While he spoke itinerant venders of tea, peanuts and sweetmeats permeated the crowd, doing a comfortable trade, and now and then one or other of the listeners would put down a few cash at the feet of the orator. On the whole, he appeared to be pretty well remunerated for his trouble, the people being only too glad to have such a treat as his imagination afforded them.

"Old Jakey's Shot."

[Inter Ocean.]

At Corinth Nelson's restlessness and meddlesomeness had full play. All his men will remember the sudden order to about face he gave one day when he moved out to assist Pope and received notice that Pope could take care of himself. He was that day the very personification of the indignant feeling ruling his division.

One day during the siege he rode to the front and was watching the operations of a favorite battery. The rebel sharp-shooters had taken refuge in an old house far to the front, and the artillery men were directing their fire at this house. Nelson grew impatient finally, because the house was not blown to pieces, and rode his horse up to the guns. A sergeant said, "They'll pick you off, general, if you stand there." In reply came: "Gotohellsir—damit, I mean thank you sir." Just then "zip" came a "long tom" cutting close to the general's ears. This aroused him at once. He jumped off his horse, caught one of the guns, ran it forward by main strength and aimed it himself, remarking that he would show that jackanapes how to fire at him; he would, etc. "A little too high, general," ventured the captain, but he was cut off with the ever ready "Gotohellsir," and the artilleryman was ordered to "pull the string." Crash, went the ball through the tree tops not a hundred yards to the front, and going more in the direction of the moon than toward the object aimed at. But at the same instant one of the other guns was fired, and being well aimed, the ball struck the chimney of the old house and brought it down. Nelson seeing only the chimney fall roared out: "I knew it. By gad, sir, it takes me to knock things down about their ears." And then as he mounted his horse to ride away, he said blandly, "Captain, I will come over in the morning and give your men lessons in artillery practice. I can hit them every time."

The major general did not hear the laugh that succeeded, but "Old Jakey's shot" was never forgotten.

After Another Bonanza.

[Chicago Herald.]

Senator John P. Jones, as a last effort to recoup his fallen fortunes, has leased that portion of the celebrated "Bonanza" mines from the 1,550 level upward. The "bonanza" which turned out over $100,000,000 of gold and silver was encountered at a depth of 1,550 feet, and Jones believes that valuable ore deposits exist above that level. His lease extends three years, and he will explore the ground, as miners say, for all it is worth.

When Garfield was Sick.

[Crawford in Chicago News.]

I asked Dr. Bliss if Gen. Garfield had transacted any business at all when he was sick.

"He took his pen in his hand exactly three times," said the doctor. "He once wrote me an autograph upon a little pad. Upon another occasion he signed an extradition paper for Mr. Blaine. The brief letter which he wrote to his mother was the only continuous bit of writing done by him while he was sick."

Size Not All-Sufficient.

[Exchange.]

A young negro bootblack observed a neighbor poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus: "Julius, what are you looking at that paper for? You can't read." "Go away," cried the other indignantly; "guess I can read; I's big enuff for that." "Big enuff!" retorted the other scornfully, "dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enuff to ketch mice; but she can't."

PUEBLOS AT PLAY.

An Indian Fete Day at the Village of Taos.

Eager Auditors of the Fun---Customs of an Unchanging People---A Picturesque Country and Race.

[Taos (N. M.) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

On the morning of the great day the road from Taos to the pueblo was full of people. Indians, Mexicans, half-breeds, women and children were on the march. Bright colors abounded. Women wore their best and the Indians were resplendent with painted faces and shawls of varied hues. Clouds of dust rose from the road; the mountains showed patches of ash trees now turned a brilliant yellow, and above the novel troop stretched the deep blue sky. Arriving at the pueblo, I entered a little church which stands near the plaza. Service had begun and mass was being said by a priest from Taos. At the left of the doorway stood a half-naked and hideously painted Indian holding a drum and at his left stood three others armed with guns and looking very solemn in their vermillion decorations. Inside the church a kneeling throng covered the dusty floors and a few candles threw an uncertain light upon the oddly dressed worshipers. Here a mother, with her babe strapped at her back, lisped her prayers; there an old, gray-headed man, blear eyed and dirty, kneeled beside his battered hat, and near by stood an Indian, erect and dignified, while a blanket with the suggestive letters, "U. S. I. D.," printed on it, fell gracefully from a pair of naked shoulders. At the ringing of a bell the Indians at the doorway beat their drums and fired their guns while incense was burned and loudly whispered prayers filled the room.

A DAZZLING SCENE.

At the end of service, the priest and a few dignitaries walked to their seats in the leafy bower at the race course and the house-tops began to be covered with people. In the centre plaza a tall pole had been erected. At its top were two cross bars, on one of which hung a bag of fruit, while from the other, head down, a live sheep was suspended, doomed to suffer there all day until death by suffocation, or a knife at sunset, ended his life. I climbed with the other visitors to one of the house-tops, and seated in the blazing sun, watched the strange sights. The scene was one of old world splendor. Life and movement was everywhere. A thousand people had gathered together. In the square below were men selling fruit, others rode wildly hither and thither, and painted Indians, half clad and wearing their brightest-colored blankets, moved excitedly about. Suddenly a noise like dogs barking was heard and a band of Indians sprang out of a deep cave near the pueblo, where the councils of the tribe were held, and began frisking about. All were naked, except for a covering to the loins, and were fantastically painted in every known color from head to foot. Each man wore eagle feathers in his hair and carried a branch of colored leaves. Many had their legs and bodies stuck over with feathers and others had painted boots to yellow or green legs, or else were dyed a deep red, or yellow, or blue, all over. A few looked like devils and all were hideous in their make-up

PICTURESQUE SPORT.

Ranging themselves in two parallel lines, they began to dance and to sing a weird sort of chant, waving their branches all the while and keeping a sort of time to the song with their feet and bodies. After a few minutes of this singular sport, positions were taken for the races and for nearly two hours braces of naked sweating Indians flew over the quarter-mile track between long rows of eager spectators. I think nobody knew which did win and am sure nobody seemed to care. There was plenty of fun, an abundance of good humor, and as for picturesqueness, that was everywhere. At the end of the races the contending parties met and formed another long line. Singing their chant as before and with one man beating a big drum, they moved slowly down the course in front of the pueblo, swaying their bodies and wildly waving their colored leaves, and as they passed, those who were on the house-tops pelted them with bits of bread and cake and called them their Spanish bravos, while the people in the plaza fairly screamed with excitement and filled the air with their cries.

INDIAN FUN.

The afternoon sports began about 4 o'clock. At that hour some half-dozen Indians came rushing into the square. They were naked, hideously painted, and had long corn husks stuck in their hair. These were the clowns of the day, privileged to worry, frighten, and create fun. A crow followed them in their stealthy movements, and for two hours the childish, yet amusing, fun went on. Now a fruit seller was robbed; now a child was scared until it screamed, and again, there were human cock-fights and grotesque dances. As the sun began to sink behind the hills the clowns ran into a house, and directly reappeared armed with bows and arrows. Now came the closing event, and a grand hunting scene was presented. One Indian ran away a little distance and made a noise like some wild animal, causing the others, the hunters, to stop and listen, and then to creep and crawl as though in a forest and near the game.

THE WIND-UP.

At last, after many delays from loss of the scent, the men formed a circle around the pole on which hung the crucified sheep. Looking up, after having a war dance, they spied the same and began to shoot their arrows at it. Not getting it in this way, they made believe to cut the pole down, and then to push it over, and at last one fellow, fine formed, naked and devil-like, began climbing slowly toward the now dead sheep. In a few moments he had reached it and had clutched the bag of fruit. A shout greeting his success, and the climber mounted the crossbars and loudly sang of his great deed. After saluting the people below for a time, he cut down the sheep, which fell with a heavy thud; lowered the fruit with a rope, and then came down himself. Gathering up the sheep and the apples, the merry hunters formed a procession and went singing and dancing out of sight, bringing to a close the strange festivities of the strange people.

Now began a wild stampede for Taos. The old highway again grew thick with people. As I rode away the fading daylight was only sufficient to see the outlines of the pueblo houses, while the distant mountains became nearly lost to view. For another year Taos will resume its usual quiet. The fete is the nation's holiday—unique, weird, barbaric. It is a celebration which belongs not to America, but rather to some neglected corner of an ancient country.

Louisville Courier-Journal: "Judas Priest" or "Jujube Paste" is the worst oath Gen. Grant ever swears. It is plain that in his boyhood the ex-president never enjoyed the privileges of a public school.

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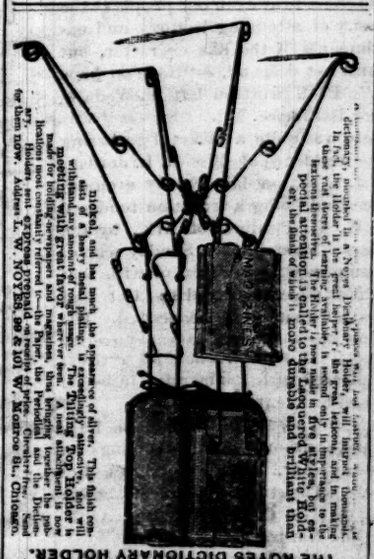

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